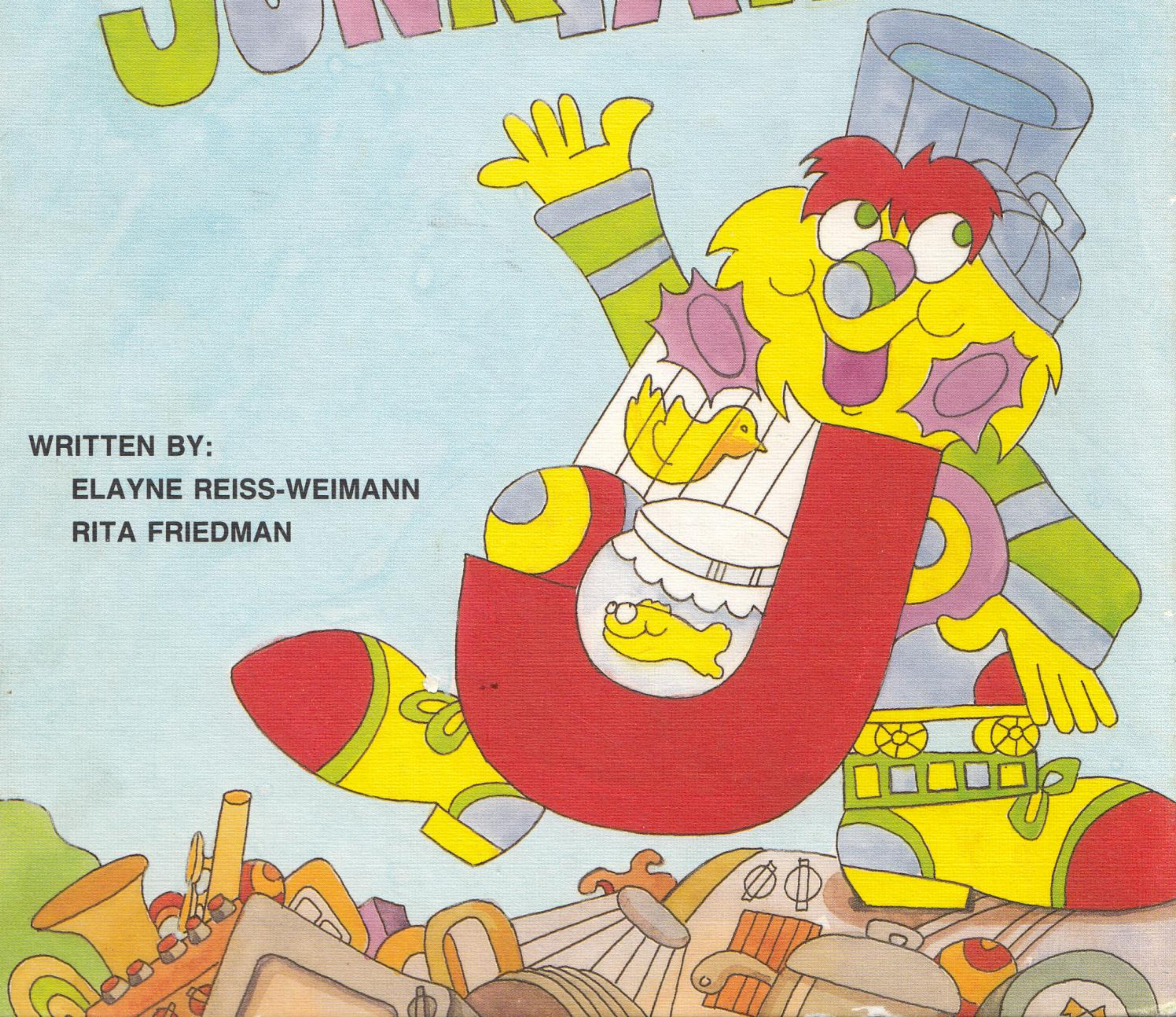


MR. J'S JUNKYARD

WRITTEN BY:

ELAYNE REISS-WEIMANN

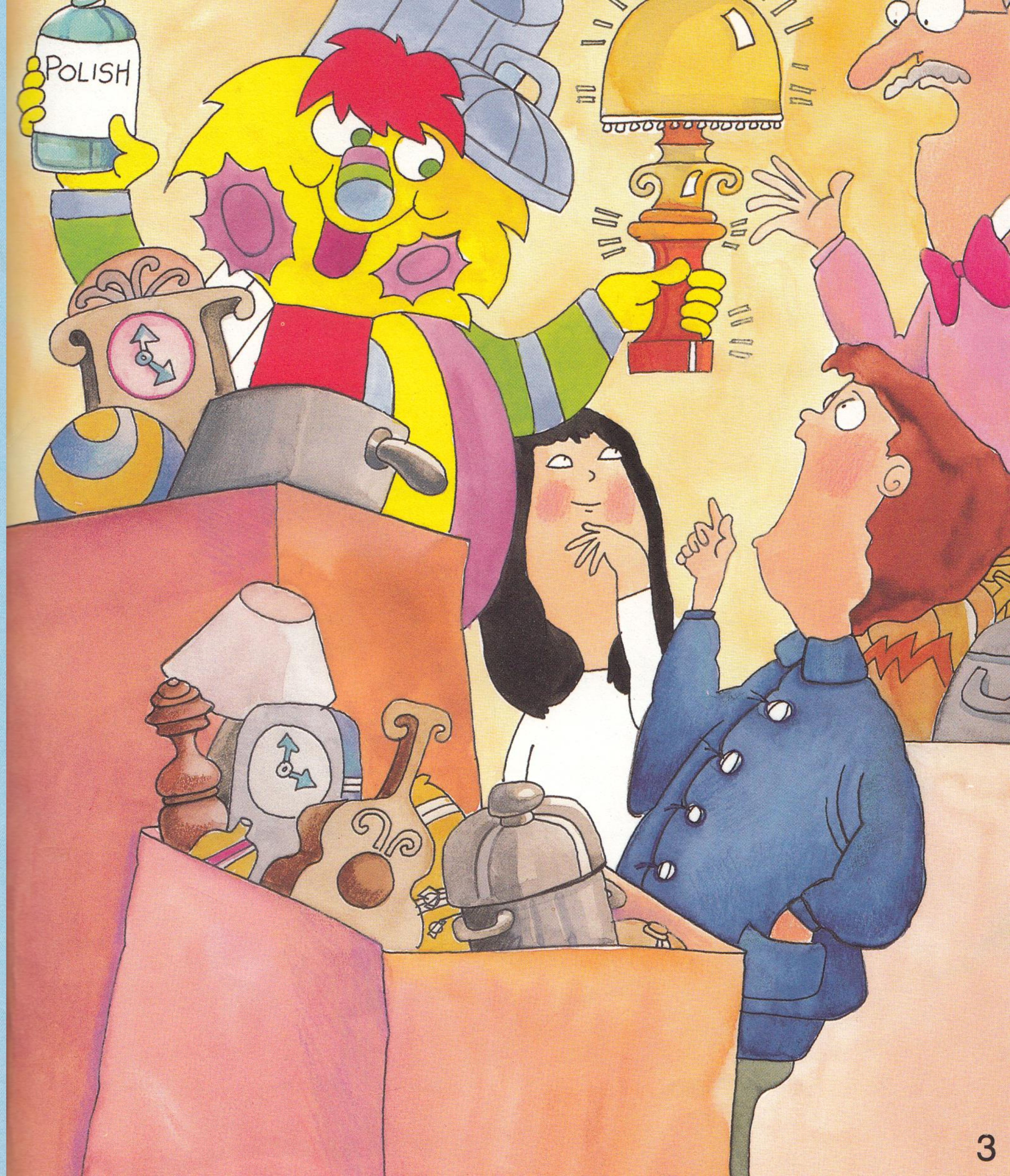
RITA FRIEDMAN



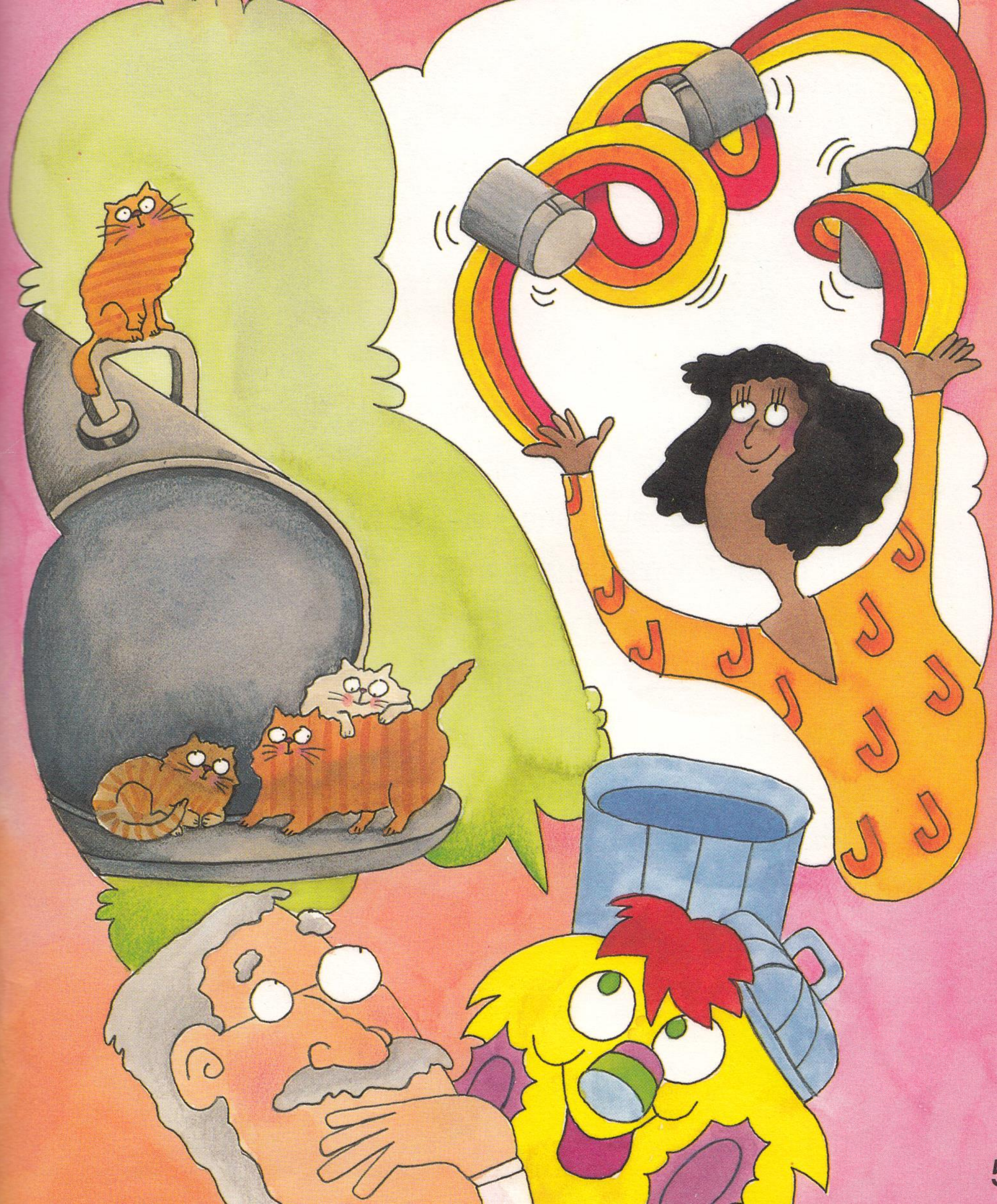
One day, a new letter person arrives
in Letter People Land.
He comes from a place called Junkville.
His name is Mr. J.
Mr. J is made of jumbled junk.



Mr. J moves into a small house on Joy Street.
Mr. J invites all his new neighbors to see his junk.
“Your junk is not old and rusty,” says Jean.
“How do you get your junk to sparkle?” asks John.
“I use jewelry polish to polish my junk,” says Mr. J.
“Jewelry polish is for jewelry, not for junk,”
says Mr. Jones.
“My junk is just as important to me as jewelry is
to other people,” explains Mr. J.



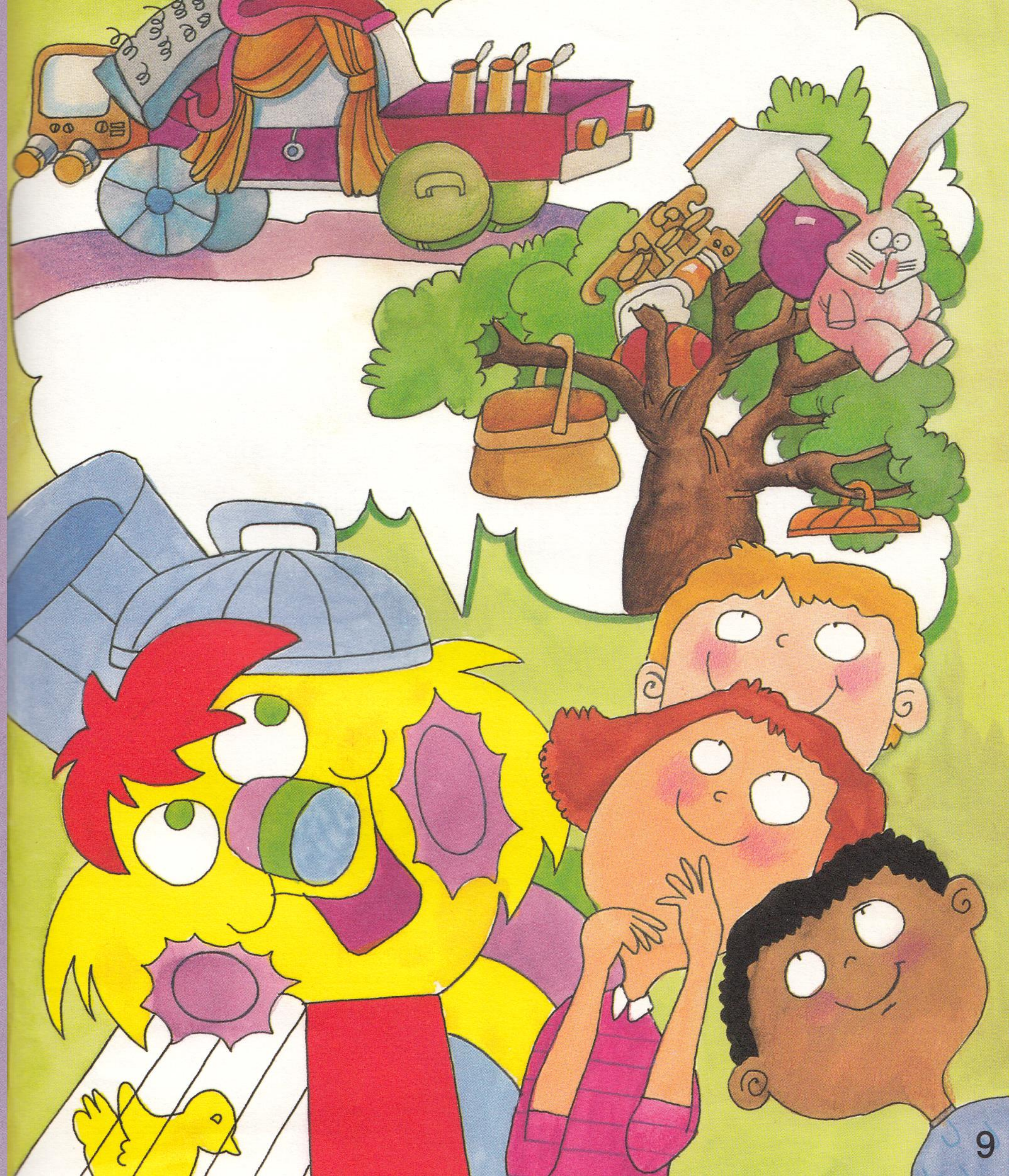
“Look at this garbage can,” says Mr. J.
“It is just an old garbage can,” says Mr. Jones.
“Four kittens were born and lived in this
garbage can until they grew up,” says Mr. J.
“And look at these jam and jelly jars.
Juniper the Juggler juggled with them for years.
She never dropped a single one.
Every piece of junk I have is special,” explains Mr. J.
“And I take special care of each piece.”
“Thank you for helping me understand,”
says Mr. Jones.



Mr. J enjoys living in Letter People Land.
“I want my yard on Joy Street to look like
the other yards,” says Mr. J to his neighbors.
“In Junkville, everyone’s yard is filled with junk.
In Letter People Land there are flowers in the yards.
I’ll plant flowers too.”
Mr. J plants jonquils in his front yard.
He plants jonquils in his backyard.
Soon everyone on Joy Street can see and smell
Mr. J’s beautiful yellow flowers.



Every day Mr. J shines his junk
and waters his jonquils.
But he always has time for the children.
“Tell us about Junkville,” say the children.
“Junkville is an unusual place,” says Mr. J.
“The houses are made of junk.
The cars are made of junk.
Even the trees have junk hanging from their branches.
In Junkville, people learned how to use junk
again and again to make things they need.”
“Where does Junkville get all its junk?”
ask the children.



“Every year Junkville has a junk collecting contest,” explains Mr. J.

“People from everywhere bring junk and leave it. Then there is enough junk in Junkville to build all the houses and make everything the people need.”

“How do you win the contest, Mr. J?” ask the children.

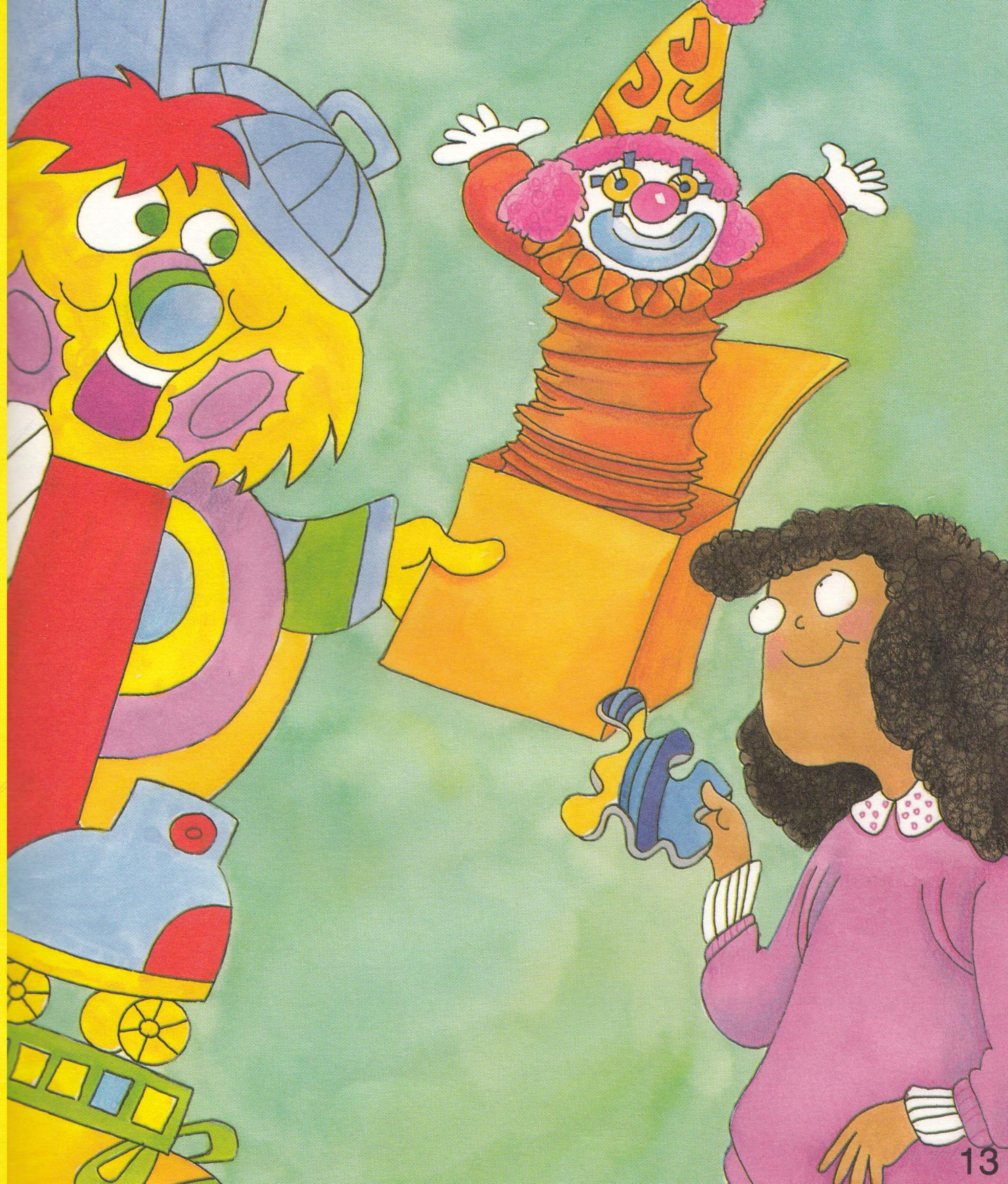
“The person who brings the most junk wins,” says Mr. J.

“Can we join this year’s contest?” ask the children.

“Oh, yes, that will be fun,” says Mr. J.



Mr. J and the children work and work to collect junk.
Soon there are boxes and boxes and boxes of junk.
“Are we ready for the contest?” ask the children.
“No,” says Mr. J, “we have to shine each piece.”
“But there is so much junk!” exclaim the children.
“Each piece of junk is important,” says Mr. J.
“This jack-in-the-box once made a child laugh.
That jigsaw puzzle piece once completed a puzzle.”
“You are right,” smiles Jill.
“We will shine each piece.”



Finally the day of the contest arrives.

The neighbors help Mr. J and the children bring their junk to Junkville.

“Look!” cries Judy.

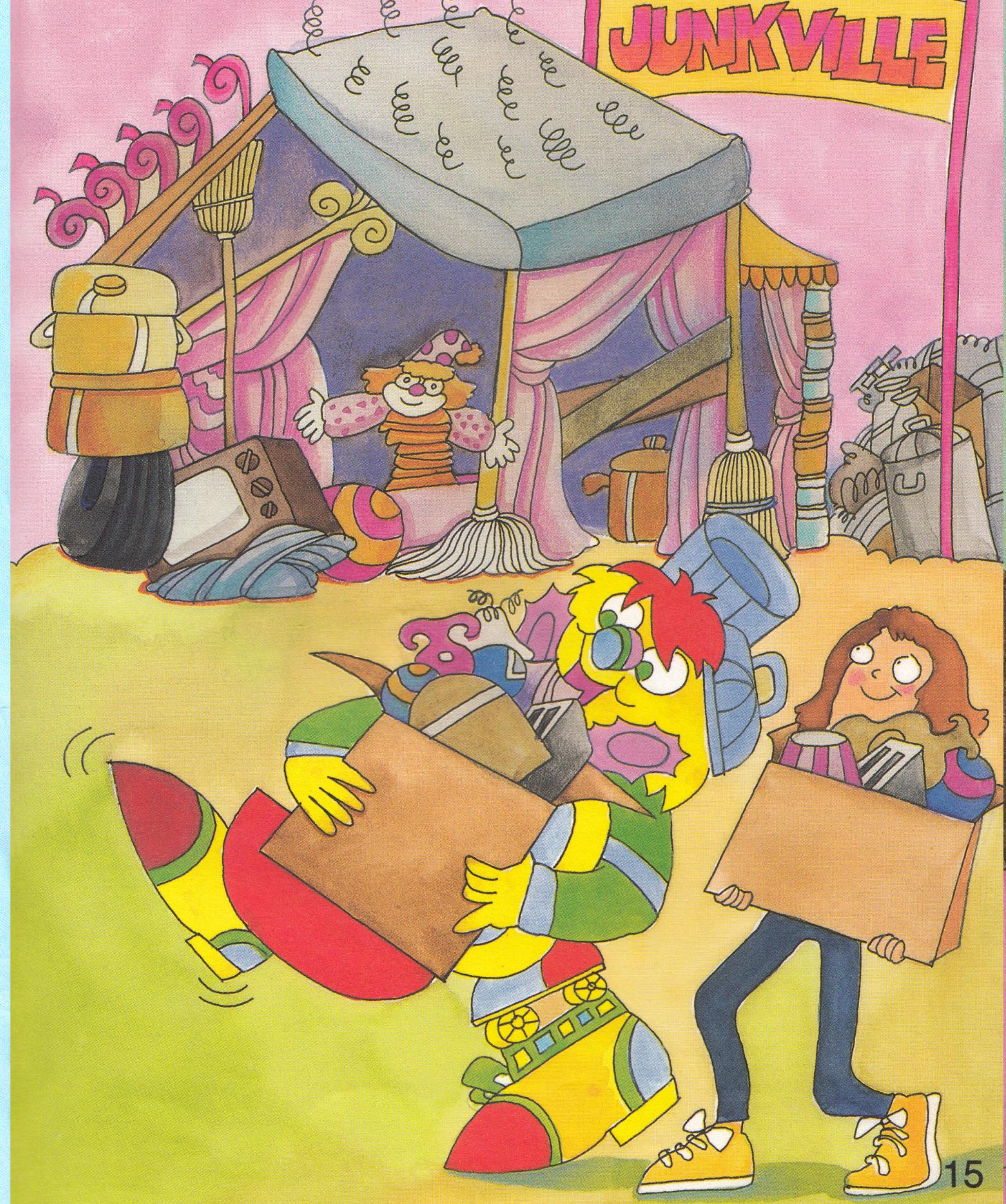
“There is a house and a jungle gym made of junk.

There is a bus and a car made of junk.

Everywhere I look I see things made of junk.”

“Junkville surely knows how to use what other people don’t want anymore,” say the neighbors.

“Junkville is a wonderful place.”



“Junkville still has lots of junk left from last year’s contest,” explains a judge. “So we have decided to give Mr. J and the children all of this year’s junk as their prize.” “Mr. J,” gasp the children, “you had better take the whole prize for yourself. We have no place to put all this junk.” “Wonderful! Terrific! Please deliver all the junk to my house,” smiles Mr. J. “I love junk. I will take care of each piece.”



The next day, while Mr. J is out jogging,
ten trucks deliver the junk.
The truck drivers unload the junk.
They fill Mr. J's front yard with junk.
They fill Mr. J's backyard with junk.
The piles of junk cover the jonquils.
The piles of junk even cover Mr. J's windows!
When Mr. J jogs home, he can hardly see his house.
"This is a lot of junk even for me,
a person who loves junk," thinks Mr. J.



Mr. J looks and looks at all the piles of junk.
“How can I take care of so much junk?” he thinks.
The children try to help Mr. J.
But there is just too much junk.
The junk starts to fall out onto Joy Street.
“This junk is making such a mess,
I don’t know what to do,” Mr. J tells his neighbors.
“I wish Letter People Land could use some of the junk
the way Junkville does.
Then there wouldn’t be junk all over Joy Street,
and I could see my jolly jonquils again,”
says Mr. J unhappily.



“Front yards and backyards are not good places to keep piles and piles of junk,” say Mr. J’s neighbors.

“We will find a better place for your junk.”

“Do you want me to move away?” asks Mr. J sadly.

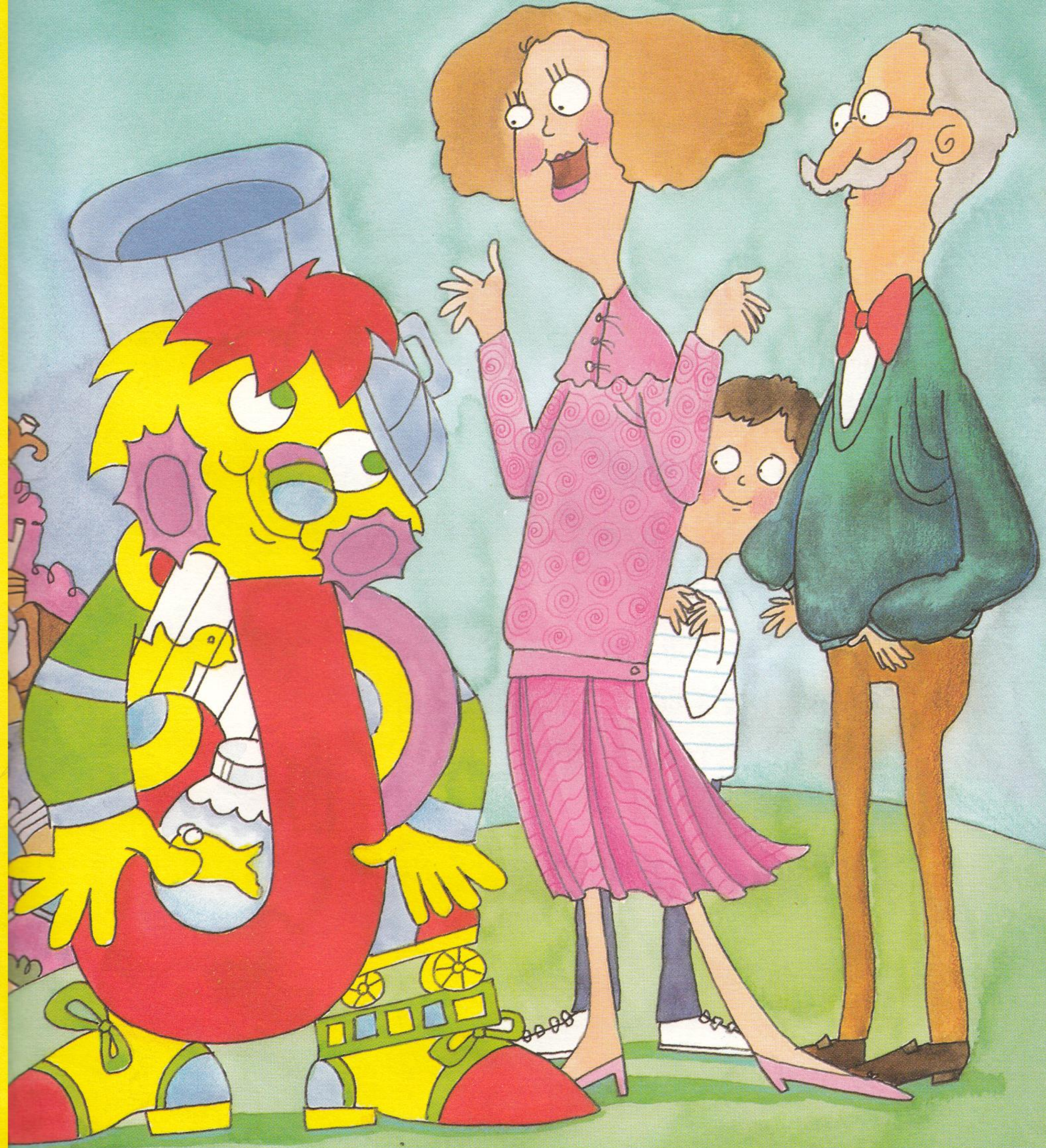
“Oh, no, Mr. J!” say his neighbors.

“We just want your junk moved to another place. Then we’ll help you think of ways Letter People Land can use some of it.”

“Where will you move my junk?” asks Mr. J.

“It’s a surprise you will like,” say his neighbors.

“We’ll show you soon.”



Mr. J's neighbors put all his junk into ten trucks.
Then they drive the junk away.
"I won't worry about my junk," thinks Mr. J.
"My neighbors know that every piece
is important to me.
They won't lose any of the junk."
While Mr. J's neighbors are gone,
Mr. J works in his yard.
Mr. J plants many new jonquils.
Soon his neighbors are ready to show him the surprise.



Mr. J, the children, and the neighbors
all jump into a bus.

They drive to a place where there are no houses.

“Look!” shouts Mr. J.

“There’s a jumbo sign with a picture of me.

The sign says, ‘Mr. J’s Junkyard.’ ”

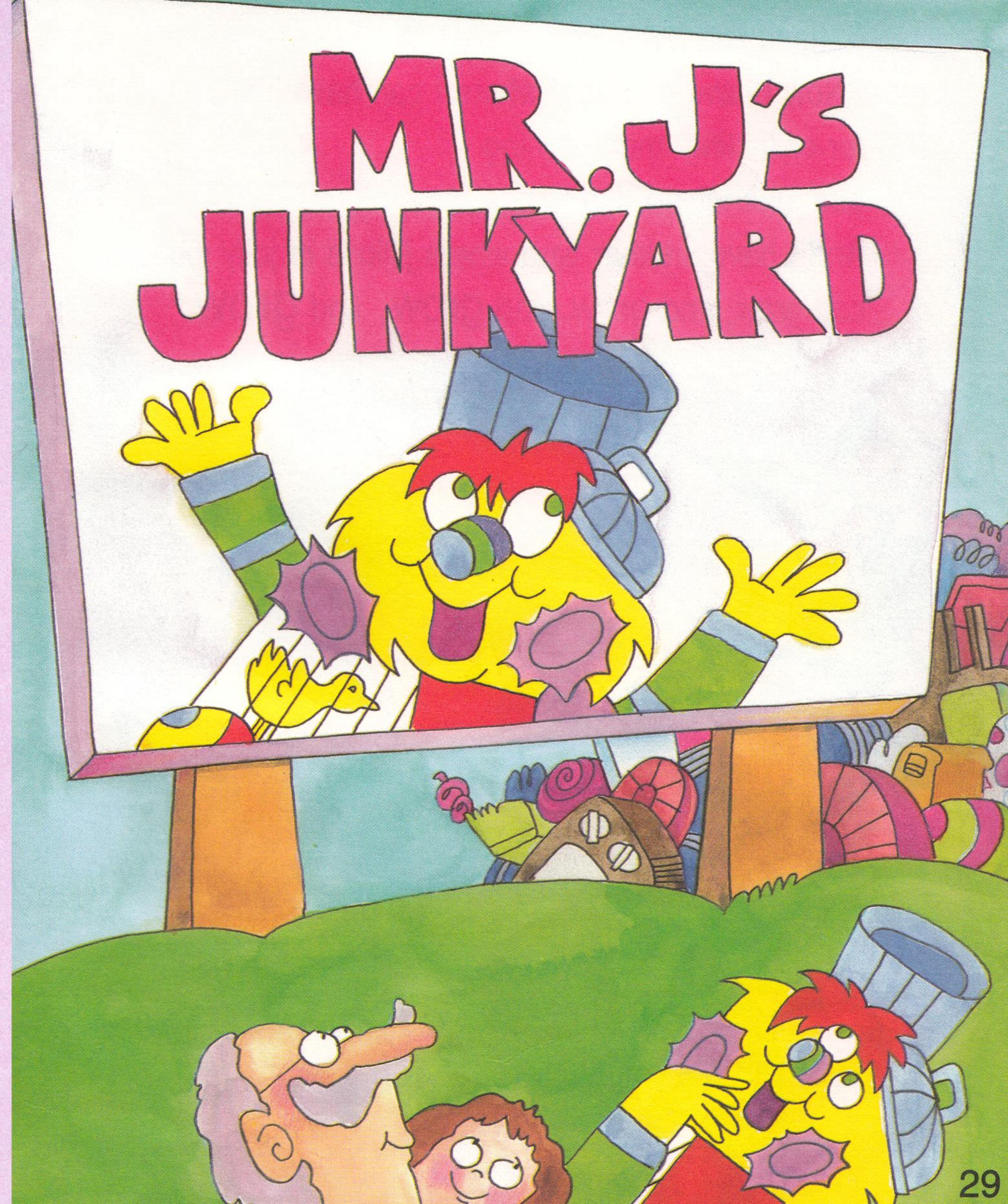
“This yard is our surprise,” smile the neighbors.

“Now you can collect as much junk as you want.”

“There will be room for every piece,” smiles Mr. J.

“And we’ll help you make a special pile of all the junk
that can be used to make things for Letter People Land.

Junkville has shown us that junk can be used
again and again,” say the neighbors.



“Thank you so much,” smiles Mr. J.

“Now I have one yard where I can have junk
for collecting and polishing,
and junk for making things.

And I have another yard where jillions of jolly jonquils
can grow, and grow, and **grow**, and **grow**.”

